

MT. STERLING ADVOCATE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, IDENTICAL IN INTEREST WITH ITS OWN PEOPLE.

VOL. V

MT. STERLING, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, SEPT. 4 1894

NO. 6

Our Schools.

The opening of the schools yesterday was exceedingly gratifying to the several promoters of these enterprises. The number of pupils in attendance was generally larger than expected on the first day and particularly amid the extremely hot weather we are enduring.

Goodwin's High School opened with 15 students in their desks, and he will have his full number (30) by next week.

Emerson Institute opened with 35 girls, and the principal is in good spirits about the success of her work.

Miss Rannie Burroughs' school opened with more flattering prospects than ever in its history; 68 pupils were enrolled, and she has her school so well graded that in a day or two all will be running as smooth as if the school had been in operation a year. Miss Rannie is a success in her work, and no amount of hard work deters her from giving her pupils all the attention needed.

The K. T. S. opened fifty per cent. above what the opening was last year. Many new pupils have come in from both home and distant points.

Maj. Fowler has employed a splendid corps of teachers both for the K. T. S. and Harris Institute, and, as he always has done, will give those entrusted to his care the most efficient teaching possible. Over 50 pupils greeted the Major on the opening day, which was a gratifying surprise. Every train is bringing in others. The enrollment this year will be up to and above that of any previous year in the history of the school.

Miss Duty's school opened with 15 pupils, and she has assurances of all she can accommodate.

Miss Chenault's school opens tomorrow.

The City Graded school will begin Monday next, September 10.

It is our pleasant duty to announce to the readers of the ADVOCATE the coming nuptials of Mr. Courtland Prentice Chenault, one of the most brilliant young lawyers at our bar, and Miss May Hocker (Hazzard), the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Judge Jas. H. Hazzard, of the Appellate Court.

This wedding, which is to take place Thursday, September 6, at the Christian Church in this city, has caused a great deal of commotion among our young people on account of both parties being so well known and liked here. Miss Hocker is one of the sweetest and most accomplished, and at the same time one of the most popular young ladies it has ever been our pleasure to meet. We have known her nearly her whole life, and from childhood up to the present time she has always been the same sweet Christian girl, and in winning her Mr. Chenault has won one of the grand prizes in the lottery of life. Of Mr. Chenault we have to say he is "a Christian and a gentleman," and in those four words we have said more than we could in whole volumes. He is the junior partner of the law firm of Woodford & Chenault, and although one of the youngest attorneys in this district, already has a large and growing practice and we predict for him a brilliant and successful future. Courtland has a host of friends throughout Kentucky, and as far as we know not a single enemy. He is a man whom any woman should be proud to call husband.

Young people, we tender to you our sincerest regards and wish you a happy and prosperous journey down the highway of life in the gilded chariot of pleasure.

In speaking of the wedding the Lexington Transcript says: "Miss Hazzard is the daughter of Judge Jas. H. Hazzard, of the Court of Appeals, and is quite a social favorite in this city, where she has many relatives and friends."

There will be a concert given at Howard's Mill Thursday night in the interest of the Sunday-school library. It will be rather an old-fashioned concert. No musical instruments will be used. Good singing and recitations will be rendered. It will be an enjoyable affair to all who attend, both old and young. Under the direction of F. F. Dawson. Concert will begin promptly at 7:45 p. m.

Silver Wedding.

For twenty-five years Peter Greenwood and wife have walked together down life's rugged path. In adversity and prosperity they have been the same congenial two and have gotten out of life all the happiness in store for them, and on last Friday, August 31, in commemoration of their twenty-fifth anniversary they celebrated their silver wedding. A host of friends were present and numerous were the gifts. The dinner was a most delightful spread and the two were as happy as they were twenty-five years ago when Miss Mollie Ramey became the bride of Peter Greenwood. May their lives be crowned with many, many more and be crowned with blessings not a few.

Died, on Sunday morning, September 2, 1894, L. D. Wilson, aged 78 years.

For some time past Mr. Wilson has been in failing health and the tottering old remnant of his once stalwart frame was not an unusual sight, as the old man who knew everyone and was liked by old and young, was seen making his uneasy way along the street. Uncle Dud was for many, many years a member of the Methodist Church. He loved her service and her songs and the old paths and achievements of his church in the day when the "devout rider" was in the land. Uncle Dud was a benevolent man, but not in an ostentatious way. He never thrust his charities before the public gaze. He was in a large sense a grateful man. He never forgot a kindness done him. Only yesterday a life-long friend said of him: "Dudley never tired of wanting to do me a kindness and to show me accommodations because of some kindness my father had shown to his mother when she was a widow with small children dependent upon her." Uncle Dudley was a successful business man and was long identified with the business interests of this town. His wife, the well-beloved Eliza, preceded him to the beyond by several years, and since then Uncle Dud's chief wish has been to join her. His desire has been gratified, and yesterday afternoon he was laid to rest by her side in our beautiful Macphail.

On the 15th of this month the Republicans of this county will meet in convention to name a county ticket. Ed. C. O'Carroll is spoken of for County Judge, G. L. Kirkpatrick for County Clerk, and others too numerous for the other offices. It is claimed by the Republicans that the two named gentlemen would either make a very close fight or would win. We would be glad to see the Republicans name their best men, but they have no chance for preferment in this county. It is true that Mr. O'Carroll is a good lawyer, but he is no better than Mr. A. B. White, nor will he ever be. Mr. Kirkpatrick is a good business man, and would make a good County Clerk if he had an opportunity, but he is no better business man than Mr. Lucien Greene, could not make a better Clerk and will never have an opportunity in this county to show us his correctness or penmanship. The fact is no Democratic county in Kentucky has any spoils for Republicans.

R. C. Lloyd, proprietor of the City Drug Store, has rented the handsome store-room of Mr. T. F. Rogers, on Mayville street, and will move to his new place of business October 1. Mr. Rogers is having some substantial improvements made in the already commodious and well arranged store-room. Mr. Lloyd's business has so grown on him, even amid the close times of the past year, that he is compelled to seek larger quarters to accommodate his increased trade.

In Clark county last Thursday, John King, a Breckinridge admirer, and George Cook, an enthusiast for Owens, two friends, met and talked politics. They both got warm and finally Cook made the statement that any woman who would go to hear Breckinridge speak was no better than the lowest of women, and this said, both men dismounted and went to carrying each other with their pocket knives, and in a very short time Cook was cut to death.

DEATH MOST

FEARFUL!

Six Towns of Minnesota Destroyed by Fire.

The Loss of Life Will Reach Into the Hundreds.

Over Three Hundred and Fifty People Reported Dead.

And the List May Reach Five Hundred.

St. Paul, Sept. 2.—Six towns between St. Paul and Duluth wiped out and more than five hundred dead is the record made by the forest fires in this State in the last twenty-four hours. Minnesota has never known a calamity attended with such a loss of life as that brought by the fire which destroyed Hinckley, Mission Creek, Sandstone, Sandstone Junction, Pokegama, Skunk Lake and the other settlements in that vicinity.

A conservative estimate places the loss of life at not less than 355, while many others have sustained serious injuries and unknown others are among the missing, while from 150 to 200 people were scattered on farms throughout the district burned over.

One report gives the estimate of the losses of life at Hinckley and other places:

Hinckley, 200.
Sandstone, 46.
Sandstone Junction, 25.
Pokegama, 25.
Skunk Lake, 29.
Miscellaneous, 30.
Total, 350.

To this horror of death in its worst form must be added the utter desolation and destitution that have come upon thousands of others whose all has been swept away in the face of impending winter. There is a peculiar horror about the fatality in the admitted impossibility of identification of a large proportion of the corpses.

The destruction was complete in most of the towns named, but some of the forest land escaped. The loss and the loss of life will not be definitely known for several days, if ever.

Sol and Julia Aiken, who made such a decided hit in Hartman's "A Pair of Jacks" Co., will entertain on at the Grand Opera House on Friday evening, Sept. 7th, in Miller & Combs' farce comedy, "Silver Wedding," one of the funniest plays that has ever been produced, and will be presented by a great cast of singing and dancing comedians.

Judge J. W. Groves bought of Mrs. J. L. Branner, a lot 58x241 feet, for \$650, and has begun the erection of a beautiful cottage home.

WHO...

DOES YOUR INSURING?

FIRE, LIFE,
TORNADO,
ACCIDENT.

WHY...

CAN'T WE DO IT?

STRONG COMPANIES,
EXPERIENCED
UNDERWRITERS.

J. G. & R. H. WINN,

MONEY TO LOAN ON
REAL ESTATE.

11 COURT PLACE
Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Mt. Sterling Club Disbands.

On last Saturday night Manager Chiles settled with his men and gave them their release. This means that this season for the national sport at this place has ceased until another year. We are sorry to learn of this, as the game at this period of the base-ball season is more largely attended and more enjoyable than at any time during the year. Manager Chiles expressed himself as being satisfied with the result of his labor during the brief time the club was under his management, and says his success, financially, is due to the liberal patronage his club received from the people of this city, for which he wishes to extend his thanks.

We will not give notice of the games the past week, as the people most interested are fully acquainted with the facts, but we will venture to remark that if disagreeable dissemination among the players had not grown to an indecorous stage, we are confident that Manager Chiles would have carried the club a month or so longer. But it is all over now, and "the mill will never grind again with the water that has passed."

Of ball players who use their tongues more than their talents in a game of ball, Mr. Joe Quinn, of base-ball fame, has this to say: "The players who use vulgar or profane language or act the cowardly or bully during a game, have not sense enough to see that such practices affect the patronage, and consequently their own reputation. There is no penalty too severe for such offenses, and if the clubs won't discipline players who make these breaks the manager should. The better class of players condemn hoodlumism. The umpire should be instructed to promptly fine any player who swears or uses vile language during the game, and if the offense is repeated the league who persists should be run out of the game. The foul-mouthed player does the profession as much, if not more, harm as the dirty ball player. People will not patronize the sport if they are compelled to listen to the language of swell-headed toughs."

The article in the Montgomery Times of September 1, commenting on base-ball, makes a bad matter worse. The writer reminds us very much of the man who saw any number of tigers in India, but never met a solitary Missionary during his two years' sojourn in that country. The fact is, we generally find what we are looking for whether in India or Kentucky. The assertion that the national game would be "as lifeless as a last year's bird's nest with the betting left out," is simply ridiculous. The largest and most excitable crowd that has been on the grounds this season, witnessed the last game between Paris and Mt. Sterling. There were present 600 people, and the betting contingent did not number fifty, all told. We have our pro rata of gamblers, but they do not, as seems to have been intimated, constitute the bulk of our population, nor are they by any means the only class who patronize or who are interested in outdoor sports.

The sale of short-horn cattle by Mr. George Hamilton which was to have been last week was postponed until the 17th on account of sickness in his family.

Mr. Kendig, of Penn., was here Monday and purchased a car load of mules for \$1, which he paid from \$20 to \$30 per head.

SMITHVILLE SUFFERS.

Two Small Fires in Two Days.

Saturday at noon an alarm was sounded and it was discovered that there was a small blaze in Smithville, a negro suburb. Three dwellings were burned to the ground and a fourth very seriously injured as a result of the fire. Two of the burned dwellings were owned by Harrett Smith and the third by Martin Jones. George Moore owned the injured dwelling. This fire originated from a defective flue.

Monday morning about 5 o'clock, a fire was discovered in the same district, and Henry Bondurant and Tom Tipton each lost a dwelling. This time the fire originated from an exploding coal oil lamp. The entire property was owned by colored parties, and the loss, whilst not very large, falls very heavy on those who are illy prepared to bear it.

Circuit Court.

The September term of the Montgomery Circuit Court began yesterday with Judge John E. Cooper on the bench. The only business discharged was the empanelling and charging of the Grand Jury, after which the court was adjourned till this morning, yesterday being Labor Day.

The following gentlemen compose the Grand Jury for the present term: John H. Mason, Foreman; M. H. Fletcher, Harry Campbell, Jess Taul, John E. Groves, B. F. Perry, John McDonald, J. N. Richardson, Perry Shultz, Will Ed Jones, James Roberts and William Wyatt.

The Cincinnati Optician.

Optician Louis Landman, of No. 96 W. Seventh street, Cincinnati, Ohio, will be at the National Hotel, Mt. Sterling, Ky., on Friday and Saturday, 7th and 8th inst., prepared to adjust glasses properly to all forms of defective vision. No one should miss this opportunity of having this thorough optician examine their eyes free of charge, and secure proper glasses from him.

References—Drs. Drake, Simrall, and Duerson.

Will call at your residence if so desired.

Gen. N. P. Banks died at his home in Waltham, Mass., Thursday night after a lingering illness. He was three times Governor of his Native State; served in the State Legislature and in the lower House of Congress of which he was twice elected Speaker. He served also as Major General in the Army of the Potomac.

Mr. James McWilliams, a theological student at Danville Seminary, preached an excellent sermon at the First Presbyterian church Sunday morning. Mr. McWilliams is a former Mt. Sterling boy, and one who may well be proud of. He is just entering upon his second year in the Seminary, and has bright prospects before him. His many friends here join in wishing him the choicest blessings in his chosen profession.

Miss Mayme Taylor, who will be remembered as one of the leading soprano of the Marie Greenwood Opera Company, is now with Miller & Combs' "Silver Wedding" Company, to be presented at the Grand Opera House on Friday, Sept. 7th. The Silver Wedding is one of the funniest farce comedies ever seen in this city.

Superintendent F. N. Horton, will tomorrow begin his visits to the schools of the county. Mr. Horton starts into his work with a zeal that is sure to bring success in its wake.

A shoe dealer says: "People should never go in the early morning to have boots and shoes fitted. In the latter part of the day the feet are at their maximum size."

ENOCH'S

BARGAIN

HOUSE.

We will have something of interest to show our many friends in the way of...

BIG

BARGAINS

In windows. We are so busy opening up new goods, we have not got the time to write up an "ad." Our

5c and 10c

Room

Will, from now on, be under the management of Mr. C. C. Fogg, and he wants his many friends to call and see him, for every sale helps him.

I fully intended to close that room, but have made this arrangement and will continue it.

Now call and see what he can show for the small sum of 5c and 10c.

We will have the largest line that has ever been shown for the amount.

Very respectfully,

→ ENOCH'S ←

Bargain

House.

Main St., Mr. Sterling.

MISS CHENAULT'S

SCHOOL

FOR GIRLS AND SMALL BOYS,
Opens Wednesday, September 5.

The course of study is arranged with reference to preparation for the best institutions for the higher education of women.

Careful attention given to the morals and manners of the pupils. Individual wants met by individual attention.

Tuition—\$25 a year for the Primary Department; \$35 for the Intermediate, and \$65 for the Collegiate.

For further particulars call on

MISS HELEN CHENAULT,

At Mrs. Samuels', Mayville St.,

MT. STERLING, KY.

TRIMBLE BROS.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

MT. STERLING, KY.

Scalded.

Mary Lyle one of Bruce Duty's twins met with a very painful accident last Saturday. Her mother had entered her room with a bucket of boiling water and the child who had hid from her ran from his hiding place and caught its mother by the dress and springing to the other side ran against the bucket causing the water pour out on its face and side scalding its flesh severely from half the face to its waist. At present it is resting easy and will soon be well.

A Christian church in some parts of Japan cannot be established without the consent of the property owners in the neighborhood. In fact, a church has the same status as a saloon in a highly moral American village.

THE ADVOCATE.

Stock Notes.

The work horses in hot weather should be watered between morning and noon, and at least once between noon and quitting time.

Reports from Portland, Oregon, say that a company has been formed in that city for the purpose of slaughtering the cheap hogs in the Northwest.

A writer thinks the best breed of hogs is the breed, which help themselves the most, cost the least and furnish the most good meat at the lowest cost.

Let the pigs pick up the inferior apples that fall in the orchard. Besides getting the benefit of fruit that would otherwise go to waste, the pigs would destroy a great many insects.

It is reported that Texas railroads are making consignors of sheep pay the freight in advance to insure against loss, should the price received at the destination not be sufficient to pay the freight bill.

One who has been successfully raising hogs thinks that a thoroughbred boar at 20 cents a pound is cheaper than a scrub at five cents. In fact he says that you can hardly put too much for a first class boar if you have much use for him.

A humane writer says: Keep the flies out of the stables. Close up the cracks and tack mosquito bar over the windows. This may cost you a little money and trouble but it will save you many dollars' worth of horse flesh. The horses will pay for it by doing lots more hard work without fatigue.

An exchange says: A few years ago the farmer sold his lambs and weathers to the "buyer." This man sold them to "feeders" and the feeders sold them to shippers and this enterprising class handed them over to the consumers. Today an occasional shepherd finds that he alone is to blame if he does not manage to rake in the profits from all three of these transactions.

Points on Shoeing.

An English veterinarian, while speaking of shoeing horses, said that the greatest care was necessary to shoe the horse that the relative position of the leg to the foot in their normal state should be maintained. The bearing of the shoe should be level all around. If heel is too low, the inside or the outside of the foot, were too high or too low, the relationship of the limb to the leg was disturbed—in fact the whole mechanism of the limb was thrown out of gear. Unequal pressure however slightly occasioned, would surely end in serious damage to the limb, and among the frequent results of such treatment is severe injury to the coffin bone. Contraction of the heel, he maintained, was not an active disease, but a passive condition due to the horse casing his feet so as to minimize the pain felt at his heels due to bad shoeing. He had little faith in mechanical arrangements for widening contracted heels. "Shoe the horse," he remarked, "so that the bearing surface is properly maintained at the heel, and expansion will follow as a natural consequence."

Prices of Pure Breeds.

The Western Swineherd says very truly that the price of the pure breed is a stumbling block to the farmer when he first considers pure blood; that it appeals him to be asked to pay from \$15 to \$40 for a pig no larger than those of his own herd that he could not market for more than \$6 to \$7. But no man can afford to sell a good breeding pig eligible to record for less than \$15. The cost of production makes it impossible to do so. But the lesson that "blood will tell" has to be learned before breeding can be made profitable. A more proper to learn it by expensive experience and market rough, uneven and ill conditioned lots of hogs at cuts under market rates before they begin to inquire why a neighbor gets from 10 to 50 cents per hundred more for hogs than they do. The thoroughbred hog is capable of turning 300 pounds at eight months old, and more often than the scrub requires from four to eight months longer and double the amount of feed to reach the same weight. Fifteen dollars or even \$50 per year spent for the best blood is a cheap investment for the farmer who turns off his 100 head of hogs annually.

Keep the wagons, buggies, cultivators, mowers, etc., well oiled, and see that they are under shelter when not in use.

GIVES HIS VIEWS

In a Letter to Catchings, of Mississippi.

Mr. Cleveland Tells Why He Didn't Sign.

He is Astonished at the Power of the Trusts.

But He is Hopeful of More Tariff Reform.

The President's letter to Mr. Catchings, of Mississippi, has been given out. It occasions a great deal of discussion. It is as follows:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., Aug. 27, 1894.—To Hon. T. C. Catchings—My Dear Sir: Since the conversation I had with you and Mr. Clark of Alabama, a few days ago, in regard to my action on the tariff bill now before me, I have given the subject further and more serious consideration. The result is I am more settled than ever to allow the bill to become a law without my signature. When the formulation of legislation, which it was hoped would embody Democratic ideas of tariff reform, was lately entered upon by congress, nothing was further from my anticipation than a result which I could not promptly and enthusiastically endorse. It is, therefore, with a feeling of the utmost disappointment that I submit to a denial of this privilege.

"I do not claim to be better than the masses of my party, nor do I wish to avoid the responsibility which, on account of the passage of this law, I ought to bear as a member of the Democratic organization, neither will I permit myself to be separated from my party to such an extent as might be implied by my veto of tariff legislation, which, though disappointing, is still chargeable to Democratic efforts. But there are considerations in this bill which are not in line with honest tariff reform, and it contains inconsistencies and crudities which ought not to appear in tariff laws or laws of any kind. Besides, there were, as you and I well know, incidents accompanying the passage of the bill through Congress which made every sincere reformer unhappy, while influences surrounded it in its later stages and interfered with its final construction which ought not to be recognized or tolerated in Democratic tariff reform councils.

"And yet, notwithstanding all its vicissitudes and the bad treatment it received at the hands of pretended friends, it presents a vast improvement of existing conditions. It will certainly lighten many tariff burdens that now rest heavily upon the people. It is not only a barrier against the return of mad protection, but it furnishes a vantage ground from which must be waged further aggressive operations against protection monopoly and governmental favoritism. I take my place with the rank and file of the Democratic Party who believe in tariff reform and who know what it is, who refuse to accept the results embodied in this bill as the close of the war, who are not blinded to the fact that the liberty of Democratic tariff reform has been stolen and worn in the service of Republican protection and who have marked the places where the deadly blight of treason has blasted the councils of the brave in their hour of might.

"The trusts and their combinations—the communism of self-interest—these conditions have been pointed out from reaching the success we deserve, should not be forgotten or forgiven. We shall recover from our astonishment at their exhibition of power, and if then the question is forced upon us, whether they shall submit to the free legislative will of the people's representatives, or shall dictate the laws which the people must obey, we will accept and settle that case as one involving the integrity and safety of American institutions. I love the principles of free Democracy because they are founded upon patriotism and upon justice and fairness toward all interests. I am proud of my party organization because it is conservative, sturdy and persistent in the enforcement of its principles. Therefore, I do not despair of efforts made by the House of Representatives

to supplement the bill already passed by faster legislation, and to have engraved upon it such modifications as will more nearly meet Democratic hopes and aspirations.

"I can't be mistaken as to the necessity of free raw materials as the foundation of logical and sensible tariff reform. The extent to which this is recognized in the legislation already passed is one of the encouraging and redeeming features; but it is vexatious to recall that while free coal and iron ore have been denied, a letter of the Secretary of the Treasury discloses the fact that both might have been made free by the annual surrender of only about \$700,000 of unnecessary revenue.

"If I am sure that there is a common habit of underestimating the importance of free raw material in tariff legislation, and of regarding them as only related to concessions to be made to our manufacturers. The truth is, their influence is so far reaching that, if disregarded, a complete and beneficent scheme of tariff reform can not successfully be inaugurated.

"When we give to our manufacturers free raw materials we make American enterprise and ingenuity, and these will open the doors of foreign markets to the reception of our wares and give opportunity for the continuous and remunerative employment of American labor. With materials cheapened by their freedom from tariff charges the cost of their product must be correspondingly cheapened. Thereupon justice and fairness to the consumer would demand that the manufacturers be obliged to submit to such a readjustment and modification of the tariff upon their finished goods as would secure to the people the benefits of the reduced cost manufacture against the exactions of inordinate profits.

"It will thus be seen that free raw materials and a just and fearless regulation and reduction of tariff to meet the changed conditions would carry to every humble home in the land the blessings of increased comfort and cheaper living.

"The millions of our countrymen who have fought bravely and well for tariff reform should be exhorted to continue the struggle, boldly challenging to open warfare and constantly guarding against treachery and halfheartedness in their own camp.

"Tariff reform will not be settled until it is honestly and fairly settled in the interest and to the benefit of a patient and long suffering people. Yours very truly,

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach be disordered you have a Dyspeptic Look and if your kidneys be affected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alternative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blisters, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at W. S. Lloyd's Druggists, 506, per bottle.

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a cough, cold, or any trouble with throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from a gripe found it useful in the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at W. S. Lloyd's druggists. Large size 50 cents and \$1.00.

Have you an old rail fence occupying ground which has not produced you anything for years? What does your neighbor's fence? What loads of potatoes you might raise there if it were yours but turn it over. You have been paying taxes on it all the while. Stop the leaks; stop the leaks.

The Indiana Farmer says: Stable manures covered with loam or plaster will retain their nitrogen and keep in better condition for spreading on the field than in any other way. Much is lost by exposure in all kinds of weather. Both the ammonia and nitrogen of manure may be easily lost by such exposure.

We are gradually tending in the direction of intensive rather than extensive agriculture.

IS BARNES CRAZY.

Prof. McGarvey Seems to Think

He is, and Gives His

History.

There is Nothing in the Bible to

Exonerate Colonel Breckin-

ridge's Awful Crime.

(Lexington Transcript.)

"At last one more preacher has been found to publicly advocate the re-election of Colonel Breckinridge, and to denounce the other preachers of this Congressional District for opposing his re-election on grounds of morality. George O. Barnes seconds the motion of Francis Mullally. Mr. Mullally's case has been pretty freely discussed in the Paris papers; let us now see if, who is George O. Barnes? It is a man of such accuracy and consistency in his teaching, that his judgment on a question demands respectful consideration at the hands of his fellow preachers, it is time for the rest of us to call a halt and to reconsider our utterances.

"Who, then, is George O. Barnes? When he first visited Lexington he was accredited as a Presbyterian preacher of some ability, but rather of heterodox teaching. The next time, he had fallen out with the Presbyterian Church; he proclaimed himself an atheist, and said that before his complete sanctification he had been a hypocrite, and that all the other preachers were still the same. Soon after this he commenced carrying around with him a bottle of oil, and calling on the people afflicted with any disease to come forward and let him anoint and heal them. At this time he taught that any man who would make the confession to him that he invited them, saying, 'I take Jesus to be my Savior the best I can,' would be certain of heaven, no matter what he might be at the time, or how he might live thereafter. He promised them that he would be damned if he should not be damned in three or four places if that did not save them. Still later, after these two humbugs had played out, he quit anointing with oil, and said that every man must make his confession to God alone—that he would take their confessions no longer. Meantime, he carried around with him, over the mountains and everywhere, a little organ, and declared that amid all its jingles the Lord by a special providence kept it in tune. He laid aside his spectacles, and said the Lord would preserve his eyesight so that he could see without them. This experiment did not last long. He proclaimed that he then had faith enough to heal the sick, and that he would soon have enough to raise the dead.

After some years of a notable career in Kentucky, he went to Indiana, and while there he had a revelation from the Lord to the effect that the English people are the ten lost tribes of Israel, and that Queen Victoria is the head of the true church. He immediately obtained membership in the Episcopal church, but that church, like the Presbyterian, refused to endorse his heresies by putting him into the ministry.

"On his return from India he preached that 'God is love and nothing else.' He denounced his old-time doctrine that there is an eternal hell; said that hell was a temporary place in which sinners would have another chance, and that when he died he was going there to preach to them. He taught that the devil causes all the trouble in the world, all untimely frosts, all cyclones and all untimely rain. When he was preaching at Woodland, and a rain cloud came up, he cried out that the devil was bringing that rain to break up his audience. His glory had now departed. He could no longer obtain and hold the vast audiences that once assembled to hear him, and he soon left to make his home on a little island off the coast of Florida. What evil wind it is that has blown him back to his old stamping-ground is not explained in the papers; but we may rest easy under the knowledge that his power for evil once very great in Kentucky, has come to naught. With such a 'comedy of errors' marking his past career, when he stands up in Lexington to tell the people that all of the preachers whom they have selected as their teachers in religion, are

grossly perverting the teaching of Christ when they array it against the re-election of such a man as Breckinridge to Congress, the people know how to take him.

"The people not only know how to take anything that comes from Mr. Barnes, but they understand better than he does the passages of Scripture which he said to have come between him and his sermon Sunday night. He comes in too late to say anything about David and Peter as parallels to Breckinridge, and the people know very well the fallacy of applying to political preachment the Savior's rule about the forgiveness of personal offenses. If Col. Breckinridge has offended any of them personally, and asks forgiveness, I suppose they will acknowledge the obligation to forgive, but after forgiving him, they will not see that they must vote for him rather than for a better man when they go to elect a representative in Congress. A man with half an eye left can see that. As for the case of a woman brought to Jesus by the Pharisees, her conduct was similar to that of Breckinridge, though not a hundredth part so bad, but there is no other likeness between the two. Under the law she was, and the man who was guilty with her was liable to death by stoning, and the purpose of the Pharisees was to induce Jesus to condemn her to death, so that they might report the fact to Pilate, and accuse him of assuming the prerogative of a king. When, therefore, he said to her, 'Neither do I condemn thee,' he meant that he did not condemn her to death—anyone who would have been a usurpation of civil authority on his part. That he did not mean by condemn, the condemnation of her act as sinful, is seen in the words, 'Go, and sin no more.' Let me add, to correct a common mistake, that this interview between him and her did not effect her final fate in the least. It was still the solemn duty of the magistrates of the town, when the facts came to their knowledge, to have the woman tried, and, on conviction, to see that she was stoned to death; and inasmuch as the proceedings before Jesus made her case public, there can be no ground for doubt that she was condemned and executed. This is not all. The man who was guilty with this woman, though he had desisted from sin away when the woman was caught, being about to run her and her pursuers, was not spared because he was a man. The Jews were in harmony with the provisions of their own God-given law on this subject, and most willingly stoned the man when they stoned the woman. If the man in this instance was not stoned it was because he could not be found.

"Let it be remembered, once and forever, that there is nothing in God's Holy Book to extenuate the awful crimes proven against Breckinridge, and nothing to furnish an excuse for good people for seeking to re-elect him.

J. W. MCGARVEY.

Three Home Seekers' Excursions.

To all parts of the West and Northwest via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at practically half rates. Round trip tickets, good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale, will be sold on September 11 and 25 and October 9, 1894.

For further information apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address J. G. Everest, Gen'l Traveling Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill. 5-3t

Public Sale!

I will sell at public outcry at my new building 26 West Main street on

Saturday, September 1, '94.

At 2 p. m. the following personal property:

- 1 Set Walnut and Marble Top Bed Room Furniture.
- 1 Marble Top Center Table.
- 1 Large handsome Pier Glass Mirror.
- 2 Beds: 1 Sewing Machine.
- 1 Wash Stand; 3 Stand Tables.
- Set of Parlor Chairs, Mohair.
- 3 Easy Chairs; 2 Parlor Chairs.
- 1 Settee; 1 Sofa; 1 Rocking Chair; Carpets, Brussels and Ingrain; Hall and Stair Carpets; 1 handsome Water Closet; silver; 1 Cake Heater; 1 Cook Stove; 2 Trunks, Dining Table, etc., etc., too numerous to mention. These articles can be seen by calling on the undersigned. Will sell for cash or credit to suit the buyer.

H. CLAY MCKEE.
August 22, 1894.

THE BEST

BLOOD Purifier
AND TONIC
For Old and Young
TO QUICKEN THE Appetite,
REMOVE THAT Tired Feeling
And Make the Weak Strong.



It enriches the blood and invigorates every organ and tissue of the body.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Cures others, will cure you

TABLET'S PILE BUCK EYE OINTMENT
CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.
A SURE AND CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY FOR PILES.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Prepared by FREDERICK W. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Columbian Liquid Paint!
A Pure Linseed Oil Paint.

We guarantee this Paint to be composed of the very best material combined with greatest care. No water, no benzine, No short measure. For sale by

COLLOYD
DRUGGIST,
Paints & All Druggist's Sundries,
MT. STERLING, KY.

MONUMENTS
Of Every Kind
Made and set up in all parts of the country

WRITE FOR CATALOGS.
NO AGENTS EMPLOYED.

W. ADAMS & SON,
22-1/2 Broadway, Lexington, Ky.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL

A COW, A FARM, A HORSE, A HOUSE, A TOWN LOT, CORN, OATS, HAY.

Or anything that a man has to buy or sell. Place an advertisement in the ADVOCATE, and find purchaser or a seller.

DR. CALDWELL'S
THE GREAT KIDNEY PILLS
FOR GRAVEL, CALCULI, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, LIVER PILLS
C. L. DRUG CO. LEXINGTON, KY.

Home Steam Laundry.
No better work anywhere. Prices the same and money circulated at home.

FOSSIL BOTANY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

One Hundred and Fifty Specimens of Plant Fossils Found Under Coal.

Underneath the great bed of coal, called the "three foot bed" of the Pennsylvania, making the floor of the coal, mentioned, is one of the most varied paleobotanical deposits known to science. No other single locality in this or any other country has ever contributed such a collection and such a variety of the preglacial, or, it may be said, the carboniferous, botanical flora as has come from this coal floor.

The material in which these remarkable fossil imprints occur is a dark, sandy shale, and to say that the stratum is filled with plant remains is giving the fact only mild expression. The richness and rareness of this plant deposit will be understood when it is stated that more than 150 varieties of specimens have been found, some entirely new to science and such as have never been found elsewhere, and all this on an area of only from three to three feet in thickness, from which the abundance of this early flora may at once be inferred. The first vegetable form that is undeniably that of a mushroom was here discovered, and so anomalous was this to the associated formations that it was made the subject of a paper read before the American Philosophical society.

This remarkable locality is not content only in lying with the world in the richness and rareness of botanical finds, but a crustacean of a rare type is also in the collection. The trilobite. This is a form allied to scyryptus, and in honor to E. F. Mansfield, the owner and enthusiastic and indefatigable collector of these specimens, the collection from this locality has been called *Dolichopterus mansfieldi*. A matter of scientific interest as related to this shale is the fact that the material entered into the coal, and that the fossil remains were produced from the bed on which it rests, the myriads of plant specimens affording an abundance of negative testimony. Dr. Newberry, a former Ohio state geologist, has suggested that the canal coal owes its origin probably to the drifting of a carboniferous mud into some quiet lagoon. Probably a quiet settling of sedimentary matter would better express the process, for it must have had a most quiescent action that so evenly and gently pressed the remains from the plant life to preserve all the fine minute in the imprint. This Darlington district will become a botanical Mecca for students of paleobotanical science.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Hardy Magnolia.

On account of early flowering and sweet odor the Magnolia is one of the most popular of all magnolias. In England it does not seem to thrive as well as in America, the summers of that region not seeming to be sufficient to properly ripen its wood. Even in comparatively mild climates, they have to plant against high walls or buildings in order to get the additional warmth for this purpose. Florists are therefore surprised when they come to America and find trees 50 or 60 feet high covered with thousands of its large, white, cuplike blossoms, coming out before the winter is scarcely over. In fact, not unfrequently blossoms are destroyed by late frosts. Although a tree, it has the appearance of flowering quite young—2 or 3 year old plants frequently bearing one or two blossoms. Some people object to having a tree covered with flowers without any leaves and criticism is not unnatural, but for all this it is generally popular in spite of these criticisms.—Mechan's Monthly.

The Florist's Generosity.

George—I have been invited to a flower party at the Pinkies'. What's it about?

Jack—That's one of the notions new this season. It is a modern form of birthday party. Each guest must send Miss Pinkie a bouquet containing as many flowers as she is years old, and the flowers must have a meaning. Study up on the language of flowers before ordering.

Florist's Boy in a few hours later—A gentleman's left an order for 20 of these flowers, to be sent to the Pinkies with his card.

Diplomatic Retenue.

The social reformer is paying a visit to the convicts in the penitentiary and asking them various questions.

"And what are you doing here, my friend?" he said to a good looking man in the shoes.

"Making shoes," was the reply that discouraged any further inquiry in that direction.—Detroit Free Press.

Real Distress of Mind.

Dora—I'm in such distress of mind, and I want your advice. I am loved by three men, and I don't know which to accept.

Clara—Which one has the most money?

Dora—If I knew that, do you suppose I'd waste precious time running round for advice?—Boston Herald.

A soldier, being asked if he had met with much hospitality in Ireland, replied that he was in the hospital nearly all the time he was there.

EARLY GYPSY LIFE.

Some Ideas of How These Strange People Lived Years Ago.

A correspondent of an English paper, writing of the gypsies, says: "I have lived in the gypsy country, formerly the frequent haunt of the gypsies, I do not ever remember to have seen any of the tribes. But my travels have taken me to the immediate vicinity of Yetholm, the permanent dwelling of the famous Faa, which is situated in a lovely glen at the foot of the Cheviot hills. I append some of his reminiscences.

There are, or rather were, some 50 years ago, two Yetholms, one called Kirk Yetholm, the other Yetholm. The population of the latter consisting solely of gypsies and "muggers." Will Faa, the smuggler chief, and Blind Jimmy were frequent visitors at my father's residence, and many an otherwise lonely hour they whiled away with thrilling tales of hairbreadth escapes by flood and field from the hand of their inevitable enemies. The gypsies then, who they had richer stores of legends, quaint proverbs and true tales, in which both tragedy and comedy were mingled. "Who better could make the fiddle music rise thrillingly sweet and clear, or soft and sad like the wail of human sorrow dying away over the spellbound listener?" Will Faa had not then lost his touch, for my father can remember him and used to take the harvest with the farmers around. His sister lived as a servant with a farmer near, and made the fiddle music rise thrillingly sweet and clear, or soft and sad like the wail of human sorrow dying away over the spellbound listener.

On the northwest side of Cheviot hills there was then a spot known as the Harrow, where the gypsies then, who they had richer stores of legends, quaint proverbs and true tales, in which both tragedy and comedy were mingled. "Who better could make the fiddle music rise thrillingly sweet and clear, or soft and sad like the wail of human sorrow dying away over the spellbound listener?" Will Faa had not then lost his touch, for my father can remember him and used to take the harvest with the farmers around. His sister lived as a servant with a farmer near, and made the fiddle music rise thrillingly sweet and clear, or soft and sad like the wail of human sorrow dying away over the spellbound listener.

How Women Differ.

Jack had just reached that age when his heart first felt the blissful tortures of love. Although not more than a dozen years, he was already himself the eternal and devoted slave of little Bessie Shepard, his "bonny, sweet Bessie," as he called her. Each day he walked with her to and from school, and most of his evenings were spent in her angelic presence.

Now, next to his love for Bessie, Jack's ruling passion was keeping a diary. In it he chronicled all the fairies of his busy life, even to the smallest detail.

One day, in a fit of temporary insanity, he left his diary on the table at home. After he had gone to school his sister happened to find it. Sisters are not devoid of honor, but some times they are unnecessarily curious.

Jack's sister was not different from others, so she captured the young man's diary and began to read.

This evening I went to see Bessie Shepard. I was with her father, her mother heard the noise and came into the room and looked at us, but didn't say anything. When I went home, I told mother. She said she heard her son was doing something again she would punish me." Then in parentheses he added, "Which shows the difference in women."—Boston Budget.

A Hot Spot.

The hottest spot on earth is the vicinity of Marsden. Where the north-west wind blows from the desert, the thermometer has been known to go to 160. The men of the Italian garrison there are kept busy by the assistance of the natives employed to go to and fro all night and sprinkle the bodies of the sufferers with water.

Harmory.

Cholly Green was with funny cigarettes. Why, they're made with brown paper!

Chapple Clinton—Yass. I got them made to order to match my wussie shoes.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SLAKES IN CAPTIVITY.

How the Snakes are Caught, Tamed and Cared For in Circuses and Menageries.

Nearly all the snakes you see in menageries and circuses are brought to this country from Africa, South America. The box constructor comes from Africa and some very large specimens from Brazil. It is seldom that we can secure an anaconda.

In both Africa and South America the snakes are captured by the natives, who very often, however, are afraid of them, and do not undertake to secure them unless they are accompanied by an American or European who will take the lead in the expedition.

In Brazil the large snakes are sometimes captured with nets, which are thrown over them. The smaller ones are caught with a big stick, shaped at one end like a long pronged pitchfork. The man approaches the snake after the animal has partaken of a good meal and when he feels heavy and sleepy. The fork is placed over the snake's head, and he is then pinned to the ground. Then he coils himself around the stick, and in that manner is carried away and put in a strong box, ready to be shipped to some foreign country. Even large snakes are often captured in this way.

Boa constructors are obtained in the forests near the Amazon and the Indians of Brazil capture this variety of snake while they are engaged in their vocation of gathering rubber. They put the rubber and a snake in a canoe, then the Indian about 4,000 miles up the Amazon river, where they sell them to the traders, who in turn ship them in steamers which take the raw rubber to the coast.

Anacondas also come from Brazil. They are highly prized because they are so handsomely marked, but the specimens we are able to get here are smaller than the local ones.

Snakes will not eat dead food. We feed them on birds, chickens, pigeons and rabbits and white mice. But the large snakes will eat any kind of animal with a morsel of milk. The bait is entirely too small for them, and the little creatures could run around their cage without being harmed.

The snakes of Brazil capture a rabbit or a large rat, and they take particular delight in killing the food they are to eat. They do not eat so much in captivity and consequently are not so long lived. Some of them will not live over a year, while a snake who is a good feeder will live 10 or 12 years.

This question of food would be a very expensive item in keeping a snake if it were not for the fact that he only eats once a month, and sometimes not that often. It is rare to see one that will eat more than once a week. Snakes are very quiet and docile after they have been fed. The fat in a snake is in layers, and in great quantities than in any other animal. I know of one. One reason, I suppose, why they can go without eating for such long periods is because they can live off their own fat. Some say that snake oil or fat is a cure for rheumatism, and that many people who have faith in its efficacy may, and I cannot say that I have ever heard of a cure by its use.—Washington News.

After the Wedding Was Over.

I could not help overhearing them, because I was walking behind them, and I saw how interesting young couple as they came down the gangplank. He said: "Old, isn't it, my dear, that we should have seen Jack and Fanny off when they sailed before? You can't forget it. You came in town for the day. Don't you remember! And after the ship sailed we went to Delmonico for luncheon."

"Why, so we did, Bob," said the young wife, and then with apparent innocence added, "That was before we were married."

She seemed to be quite innocent of a sarcasm, and so was Bob. Evidently the little "luncheon at Delmonico's" was a delightful reminiscence of courtship. Why do not more husbands still play the role of lover?—New York Press.

London's Triseman.

Abraham Lincoln once remarked of the people who wanted emancipation, but who did not like to be called Abolitionists, that they reminded him of the Irishman who had signed a pledge and did not like to break it, yet who sadly wanted a "drink." So, going to an apothecary, he asked for a glass of soda water, adding, "An apothecary, dear, if you could put a little whisky into it unbeknownst to me, I'd be much obliged to you."

Georgia Counties.

Nine counties of Georgia were given the names of distinguished Southern Confederates. They are Brooks, after Preston B. Brooks; Calhoun, after John C. Calhoun; Jasper, after Sergeant William Jasper; Laurens, after Colonel John Laurens; McDuff, after Francis Pickens; Pickens, after General Andrew Pickens; Sumter, after General Thomas Sumter.—Journal of Education.

PLEASANT PRACTICAL JOKING.

Mark Twain's Father-in-law's Last Wedding Present and Surprise.

Mark Twain tells the following story of his wedding in the Boston Herald: "When I was married, we decided to live in Buffalo. I had been a husband 24 hours when we reached there and were met by a large party of friends. I had asked my father-in-law, John Slee, to find a cheap boarding house for us, and the friends said he had found one which a brave man. They put us into a covered leg and said they would drive us to it, and then they began to drive up and down, back and forth, through all the back streets of Buffalo. By and by, after about every cheap locality in Buffalo had been traveled, I began to feel ashamed and sad, and I asked Mr. Slee to get into a boarding house. But he had no idea that I had put him to the trouble of being so economical that he would have to go out of the state to do it."

"Then they all laughed. There was a practical joke to the fore which I knew nothing about, and all driving was to nothing to put the blame on his father-in-law. My father-in-law had been clandestinely spending a small fortune upon a house and furniture on Delaware avenue for us and had kept his secret so well that I was the only person this side of Niagara falls who hadn't found it out. We reached the house at last, and was introduced to Mrs. Johnson, the landlady. I took a glance around at the more or less elegant things, and my opinion of Mr. Slee as a provider of cheap boarding houses fell to zero at once. I told Mrs. Johnson that there had been an unfortunate mistake.

"Mr. Slee had evidently supposed that I had money, whereas I really hadn't, and so by her leave we would abide with her wunk, and then she could keep my trunk, and I would look up another boarding house. Then the married friends burst in upon us from the closets, from behind curtains, from behind doors, and the property was delivered over to us. I consider that was a capital joke, for the house was completely equipped in every detail; all we had to do was just to sit down and live in it. If American humor will only develop along the lines as shown by my father-in-law, I believe we will very rapidly become the funniest country in the world."

Magnificent Contempt.

At a certain famous restaurant in St. Petersburg six somewhat dandyish officers of the Imperial Horse guard put drunken champagne. Not far from them sat an insignificant little man with a shabby and an unkempt beard and a glass of liquor in front of him.

It was not long before he became aware that he was being ridiculed by the officers. By and by, as they became more and more offensive in their remarks on his personal appearance, he called for the waiter and said:

"Bring six bottles of your best champagne."

The waiter hesitated.

"Did you not hear what I said?" asked the little man. The waiter brought the wine and six glasses.

"Take these glasses away and fetch a basin—open as large as you can find," said the man. The waiter again hesitated, but obeyed instantly at the peremptory repetition of the order. A large basin of water was brought. It was brought. "A towel!" The waiter handed him one. "Now open the bottles!" The waiter did so.

The little man now filled the basin with water and he took the bottles, rolled up his sleeves, washed himself in the costly fluid, wiped his hands, laid a 100 ruble note on the table, and casting a look of withering contempt at the officers strutted out of the room.—St. Petersburg Letter.

The Use of Specimen.

No man of science ever believes, says Grant Allen, that any object of nature is designedly placed there for the good of humanity. Man, the last product of the scene of earth, found the stage already filled by certain plants and animals with seeds and fruits and wool and fur that subserved certain needs in their own economy and to him who used he could of them. But not for man did plant or animal make them. Old fashioned people still ask, "What's the use of such and such a thing?" No man of science ever frames that question. Men of science only ask, "Of what use is such and such an organ or structure to which species produces it?" and when they have answered the query they have done all that science now warrants them in doing.—Westminster Budget.

Guest Neaters.

Among the large variety of birds which are to be found at the islands to the south of New Zealand is a species of parakeet, which is very plentiful. These islands do not contain a single stick of bush of any description, and the birds build their nests in the grass, which they nest to be found in any other part of the world.

What Could Be More Cautious?

Millie—What's your idea of the height of eccentricity?

Millie—Telling Cholly Duddell to sell his machine to a hair mattress factory and take the money he gets for it to buy a pair of dumbbells with.—Somerville Journal.

C. & O.

Chesapeake and Ohio

RAILWAY.

New York,

Philadelphia

Washington.

Boston.

And all Eastern Cities.

Time Card in Effect May 28, '93.

From Mt. Sterling.

East Bound Leaves Mt. Sterling

Atlantic Express No. 22, daily..... 8:25 a.m.

Washington Accommodation No. 25..... 8:50 p.m.

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Lexington Accommodation No. 7..... 6:15 a.m.

Atlantic Express No. 22..... 11:25 a.m.

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SHOES.

HOME MADE TO ORDER.

BEST STOCK AND ANY STYLE DESIRED.

Best Calf, pegged to fit foot..... \$4.50

Best Calf, hand sewed..... 2.50

Best Calf, hand sewed..... 2.00

Best Calf, hand sewed..... 2.00

Best Calf, hand sewed..... 2.00

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A PICTURE.

The camera's lens was open,
A vision quickly passed
Through the lifted shutter,
Which closed and held it fast.
Although 'twas but an instant,
By some mysterious art,
The camera drank its beauty,
And treasured it at heart.
And when the vision faded,
With all its charming grace,
And gave to me a copy,
It was not unprofitable fact.
So here it is before me,
Performing all its room,
Among ether's apple blossoms,
Which never cease to bloom.
A picture and a framing,
Which ever, who can tell
The frame of dainty blossoms
Which from the magic spell
Of her soft touch drew life,
And set her own pretty likeness
Of whom I love to think.
Just as one day I saw her,
And by Sir Cupid's art,
I too, drank in her beauty,
And wrote it in my heart.
And as she sits before me,
With flowers for a frame,
So sweet that nature's flowers
Must wonder when she came.
So in my heart she sits,
And evermore she waits,
While I recall her thoughtfulness
Are woven for a frame.
—Chicago Record.

NORMAN'S WOE.

One windy afternoon in August, two years ago, an observant passenger on the steamer from Boston to Gloucester, who was scanning Briar island with a fieldglass, became interested in two young men ashore. One carried the other on his back. No other figures could be seen on Briar island. A small tent was pitched on the island's summit.

The head of the carried youth lay on his own right shoulder. From his legs limpness he seemed dead or paralyzed. His arms were grasped in front of the burden bearer's chest. The backs of both were toward the steamer. That the carried youth had fallen from some pinnacle of the little island's rugged eastern shore was the first surmise of my informant, the observant passenger. He did not readily suspect that the conqueror in a fight was carrying his victim's body up hill in the broad light of day. Clearly the burden bearer was strong; for he ascended the declivity with steady strides, bore his load into the tent and was lost to sight. It then struck my informant as strange that the other youth did not hasten out to signal the steamer for aid.

My informant is a typical Boston man, deliberate, slow to commit himself, disliking "fuss." He thought of asking the captain to send a boat ashore, but he seldom speaks to any one without an introduction. Yet he began to fear that he might become excited enough to do so when he saw the strong youth come out of the tent, and he might handkerchief nor make any such appeal.

My friend was sure he would, in such a case, commit himself to what he had the nearest craft, but so far as it that craft were a mile distant and rapidly moving away?

My informant began to wonder if a crime had been committed on that rock, and the more he watched it faded away the more he feared this was the one reasonable explanation. The youth, momentarily giving dinner to my friend's view, went back to the tent, peered in, stood half a minute, as if held by what he saw, turned, and came back and looked round over Massachusetts bay.

White caps lifted in all directions except under the island's lee. The wind was rising. A steamer rolled considerably running, and the sea. Nearly all small sail in sight were making for the nearest ports. Large craft stood far out, with little canvas. Some dories were seen, some were tossing wildly at anchor, but more were seeking shelter.

The observant passenger saw the youth stop suddenly, pick some thing up and run, and, apparently with an ear in hand, down the steep of the island's lee. There he disappeared.

Two minutes later, some tiny yellow craft shot forth from that lee shore toward the open bay. The little vessel was scarcely visible from the receding steamer. It pointed all most straight against the wind. My informant recognized it as a canoe, for he could see the gleam of the double paddle. Who, except one afraid of his fellow passengers, would, thought my informant, face such weather in a canoe, as if to get out to sea beyond Cape Ann, where he might chance to be picked up by some outgoing vessel, beyond reach by telegram or detectives?

The Boston passenger who looked his suspicions to the Boston captain, who looked at him and said nothing. Feeling that he had "slipped over" in vain, the Boston passenger went below to a secluded nook, avoiding the other passengers. But when he reached Gloucester he reported all, conscientiously, to the chief of police, if he "guessed" he saw "bent it" who was "all right." The wind roared in gusts after noon. Next morning, when my informant returned by the same steamer, the sea was like a mild pond, except for the periodical gusting to strong on their heads. In Briar island the wind still stood. My informant was convinced that a murdered boy lay

within it and now disclosed himself to the captain as a stockholder in the line. So a boat was sent ashore with the captain and his passenger.

In the tent they found some cooking utensils, a gun case lettered "G. B.," a jointed fishing rod, some tackle, an air mattress and two blankets soaked with blood.

My informant was beginning to take full notes when the captain insisted on hurrying away. It was none of his business, however, he said. He couldn't lose time to mix himself up with any case in court. So the observant passenger was compelled to hasten aboard, consigning himself that his sagacity had been vindicated.

The adventure gave him a keen, unusual sense of being alive. What he did on reaching Boston need not be recorded, because the meaning of what he had seen may be best learned from the narrative of Skipper Minchewer of Beverly.

Almost any day in summer you may see the white catboat Minnie Minchewer, at anchor before Beverly, unless her skipper, Abson Minchewer, has gone forth on some cruise. In summer he hires, boat and skipper, to chance comers. During fall and spring he uses the Minnie, named for his young sister—a fishing boat. The fishing in stormy months keeps Abson in that practice for sudden perils of that terrible cold and maintains in him that nerve which is as remarkable as his vivacity.

Of his adventures he loves to talk, though many are scarcely important enough to warrant the detail in which he imparts them. But small or great, he tumbles them out almost incessantly as some landmark brings them to his memory. Thus on my first trip with him last summer he poured forth this tale of Norman's Woe:

"Now there's Norman's Woe," he began, waving his free hand toward a brown mound of rock that seemed part of the north shore near the entrance to Gloucester bay. "Once I had a tight pinch right there. The wind was a living one."

"Norman's Woe?" I interrupted. "Yes, certainly. As I was saying, there was more than half a gale." "Do you mean to say that's a real Norman's Woe—the very Norman's Woe where Longfellow's schooner Hesperus was wrecked?"

"Looks real enough, don't it? But none of the Longfellow's long coast lost no schooner, so far as I know. Abe's nosier, nor yet Hiram, and Pete, him that lives back of Jingo's beach—why, they—"

"And that's really Norman's Woe?" I cried. "Well, of the millions who have learned the ballad at school, how few imagine it refers to a real reef! It's peaceful enough today. I say, skipper, won't you run in and give me a good look at it?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Abson, and put the boat about almost as easy as a bird turns.

Close past the buoy bearing the fog bell we ran in. Now it was silent, and this bell that had nestled in the ears of the Hesperus skipper as he looked on his little daughter bound to the mast and steered for the open sea?

Abson's eyes fell on the fog bell. "You were loud enough on the fog bell," he shouted, shaking his fist at it.

"Lord, how that bell did clank! You ain't got no idea of what that coast is in a gale from the Woe. Was all a smother of breakers clear up, for the tide was rising. The rollers looked like they'd roar over into the cove behind."

"Well, sir, my sister and me—it's her I named this boat for—had been out north yonder fishing, for she was on her knees and engaged with no party for the day, and she'd been teaching school spring and winter. As the wind kept rising, we ran for Gloucester bay. It was in August, just about this time too, but the blow was fit for October—very warm."

And as we staggered round the point yonder what should we see but a canoe? "A dory could scarce live in such a sea, but there was that young chap in about here. He was riding free, peedling 's right into the face of the waves, flung up till you could see half his keel—then he'd slide out of sight down the trough so you'd think he'd never come up again."

"I don't even come up again. Great aleckies, do you suppose any open canoe could a' lived there? No; she was divided into bulwarks and decked tight—so I learned after all was done. No sinking her. We was too smart to let her be rolled over. The danger was that she'd be blown ashore and smashed to kindling and the life pounded out of the old Norman's Woe. It turned out he'd come in a rising sea clear away from Briar island, and now his strength was petering out just in front of the Woe."

"All his work was to keep off the rock till he'd get a chance to run for yonder beach in nearer Gloucester. But he was no go. The reef was bound to have him. The gale was more against him every minute, and so the tide was too."

"When I caught sight of that canoe, I wasn't none pleased. There was Round Rock shoal and Dog bar for the Minnie Minchewer to get past to anchor safely. I was wet and hungry and no sinking her. I was crying me, for she'd wanted me to start in an hour earlier. Scar'd

Geewhataker, not she can sail a boat with any man on this coast."

"What made her so mad was to see the Woe would get that canoe in 10 minutes if we didn't. There wasn't another rag of sail out but 'arf. I think, I think what had possessed the man to be canoeing in such weather. He'd a' drifted ashore a two minutes if he gave the wind his broadside and tried to run out the Woe. All he could do was paddle straight at the wind, and yet he wasn't half holding his own."

"No arms could it made head against that tide and sea to try and together—he was just working for a few minutes' more life at best."

"Well, sir, I was going to risk my sister and my boat trying to pick up a crazy young chap! It would be a desperate risk. There might be room for us where he was, and then there mightn't. I was truble reared—not enough to get round half lively. I couldn't seem to feel we'd any clear all in there, but it hurt my feelings errible to let him be lost right under my eyes."

"I was holding right on for Gloucester when my sister, caught sight of the canoe—she'd been watching out for the other side. Nothing would do for her but she slid right to the rescue. Her eyes were blazing—all is, we were about in two shakes and running about so-wot to get sea room before we'd come to about and make straight for that canoe."

"Our plan was to run to the stranger, we flying right along the length of Norman's Woe. Before we was so near we'd know if there was a chance of going close enough to take him off and yet saving ourselves. But when we went out yonder I saw plain that we'd be within a hundred yards of the rock before we could reach him."

"If we could snatch him off in passing, we might get clear, but to come into the wind then or slacken at all looked like sure death—we'd be pounding on the Woe before we could get a new move on, and it looked too chances to us we'd be down on the east end of the reef if we even went near him."

"We can't do it," says I. "We got to go," says Minnie, stamping her foot. And was I to be scolded when a gal didn't brench?

"Say your prayers, sis," says I, and in we went, flying half across the rough."

"I could trust the boat again captain, but her bows would fly wide when she rose if a hand quick as mine wasn't at the wheel. One of us must stand by to throw the man a rope. My sister could steer as well as me, so I gave her the wheel and got a rope ready. I guess the clank of that bell was scolding like down on the young fellow, but he kept paddling, steady and cool. His face was set as a stone, and every wave flung crests onto it."

"When we were within 50 yards of him, I saw there was mighty little use throwing the rope. Most likely he'd miss it. If he dropped his paddle to grab it, the wind might blow his bow right round and maybe roll him over. If he did catch on, we'd jerk him overboard and lose time trying to fetch him in, and be pounding on the reef ourselves."

"There was just one chance to get him aboard, but to take it was desperate. It was to go half round on the wind, run close alongside him, give him a chance to jump for our wheel, keep our speed right along, wheel sharp and get back on our course along shore. But there was the Woe close that, and it was a clear shot of rumbling like howlers grinding in the waves—and was we to point for that death?"

"No, sir, I didn't. My sister flinched too. She kept the course, and we was going to fly past his bow. It was shooting out so high it looked most as if it would be absurd as if we were in the trough when it came down. Well, sir, we wasn't three lengths of this boat from that chap when he opened out for a roar like a foghorn."

"You can't do it! Think you—for trying. Tell—a doctor—to go—instantly—to Briar island. There's—a—a man—there—with broken—legs. I was—going—for—a doctor."

"Do you see that?" cried Abson, swinging his free arm, with a curved elbow, out from his side and around to his front horizontally. "Before the words were out of his lips, that's what that boat did. I thought my sister'd gone clean crazy. She went round on the wind. It was like a scap at the canoe. The Minnie jerked straight up on an even keel for two seconds. I thought she was going to jibe, but I was wrong. Our quarter had knocked up against the canoe, and the young chap reached for our rail."

"I didn't even look to see what became of him. My eyes were on Norman's Woe. We seemed right on it, sure! Lord! the tramping of them breakers! I jumped to my sister's side. We jumped the wheel down together. Thank God, it was a catboat under us! Back we were on our course again about before the young chap could pick himself up from before our feet."

"Don't tell there ain't no miracles these days! Saving him was one; getting clear of the Woe ourselves was the other. Some might say the wind wanted a bit favorable just then, being sort of eddied around the Woe. But that's the way with

miracles. He works so's you can be believe nature just did it, or if you hear it simpler you can believe it's him."

"Anyhow that sudden slant of the wind let us bear up as much as four or five points east and fetched us barely clear of the Woe before we had to fall off again. But then we had plenty of room to work up into the bay."

"The young chap said mighty little but 'Thank you for my life.' His name was George Bowles, a Boston boy. But women is curious creatures. My sister burst out crying and left the wheel to me and flung down into the cabin and lay there sobbing like her heart would break."

"To think she was so near forsaking him!" says she.

"Well, sir, seen enough of Norman's Woe! We'll go about, then, to clear Eastern point."

"What became of the chap with his legs broken? Why, we ran up with a tug two hours later and fetched him to hospital. Terrible bad break in his leg was—bone came through the skin, and the doctor said he'd have to let it die if it wasn't for the way young Bowles had tied up the leg before he left, so's to stop the circulation."

"Now, you see Dog bar yonder! Well, once I was ashore there." And then Skipper Minchewer launched into a new tale which I may record here some future day.—Edward W. Thomson in Youth's Companion.

Oldest Inhabited Dwelling In Britain.

The oldest inhabited dwelling in the British Isles is Dunvegan castle, in the highlands of Scotland, "the romantic seat of Macleod of Macleod," as Scott calls it in a note to "Lord of the Isles." "It looks," says Boswell in his account of Johnson's visit thither, "as if it had been let down from heaven by four corners, but to the residence of a chief." It has been added, to century after century, and is now a huge and massive structure, built on a precipitous pile of rock rising steeply from the ocean, with walls nine feet thick, battlemented towers, dungeons dark and drear, arrow loopholes and an impenetrable keep.

It has, in fact, been fortified against the incursions of pirates and other foes, who from the olden days a thousand years ago—when the principal tower first rose out of the waters of the Atlantic, might be expected to arrive by sea on evil purpose bent. Until about a hundred years ago absolutely the only mode of ingress or egress was by means of a small postern door in the rock overhanging the sea. A narrow stretch of land lies all round the castle, and very high cliffs, and the main rise in dark, yet ever-changing beauty.—Good Word.

Sidney Smith's Anecdotes.

Sidney Smith has a fund of anecdotes about Scotchmen. He said that he was sitting one evening as a special to the Londoner in Edinburgh. A young couple were dancing near him, and as the gentleman "crossed to partners" he heard him say, "Lady Margaret, what is your opinion of the love?" The lady waited until she crossed over and then said, "That depends, Lord Donald, on whether you refer to love in the abstract or in the concrete."

A landlubber who had been much troubled by poachers, set his gamekeeper on watch at a certain point of the surrounding wall. About midnight the watchman saw a shadowy figure above the wall, and presently the poacher was seated a-straddle of it, evidently intending to jump down on the inside. Stepping out from his concealment, he cried, "Where ye going, Sandy?" Sandy, taking in the situation, replied, "Mon, I'm just going back again," and slid down on the outside.

Sidney Smith always insisted that "the only way you can get a joke into a Scotchman's head is by a surgical operation."

A Case of Christian Science.

This gun was received by the publishers of The Northwestern Lancet: "Your copy of the Journal came, and the letter to—asking me to send 50 cents and get it for a year. I don't need no journal. When I get a tall case, I go off into some sort of place and tell the lord all about it and wate for me to put inter my minde what ter do. That's better than the fatigues of the nervous system. If we had more lord trusta doctors and less colleges we'd fare better. The lord knows moreen all the doctors, and if we go to him for noledge it'll be the best in the world. Fraternally to the lord. A Christian Doctor. P.R.—I've practised molesen morn 50 years. Youre can publish this letter if you want ter."

A New Sleep Therapy.

A foreign scientist, whom the account says is a man of "international reputation," offers a brand new theory of the cause of sleep. He believes the fatigue of the nervous system which leads to this condition of the body to be due to an increase of the water holding power of the nerve cells. This being the case, the greater the ability of the cells to hold water the less the nervous irritability of the individual. He further says that the sleeping individual is easily awakened as soon as the nervous system of the water has been eliminated by the "sleep process."—St. Louis Republic.

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A YEAR TODAY.
 "I said him nay."
 She smiled, the while from trembling labia
 Two diamonds fell like diamond flashes
 As he looked in a feverish gaze.
 After off from the jargon press
 Of dancers, in her festive dress,
 She dropped, complaining
 "Oh, foolish, foolish
 Of chivalry to him
 Replying here and there
 That greatest gift, in many a prize,
 And that it might hold no lightly,
 'Till he, because at once—though rightly,
 "My heart had then
 "To meet his own!"
 "She said me nay"
 A year today.
 He sighed. Then from his pipe the ashes
 In sudden position, he dashed
 And rose, falling at the altar
 Of tenderness, the love across
 He will wear reason's regalia,
 "Oh, foolish, foolish!"
 The fervent fondness, far and wide
 I'll follow her, I'll seek her side
 I'll woo her, woo her for his life.
 He murmurs resolutely, brightly,
 "Till my faithful breast, rendered tight,
 She says me nay."
 And bids me nay.
 —New York Advertiser.

The Eyes.
 The eyeball should be a clear, bluish white color. If it has red streaks in it, there is trouble somewhere. If it is full and clear, that is also an indication of disease. And in most cases the seat of the trouble is not in the eye itself, nor the cure in eye washes. The stomach, which is accountable for most things, is generally accountable for the bright or lack luster condition of the eyes. To make dull eyes shine therefore the best thing is an antiseptic medicine.
 One symptom of sick headache is the dancing before the eyes of innumerable specks. The proper treatment for this is to use an antiseptic and a darkened room. Darkness is the best possible thing for eyes that have much work to do, and merely to close them for five minutes at a time produces a rested feeling which shows itself in their renewed brightness. Bathing tired eyes in water as hot as can be borne and then closing them for some time is an excellent daily practice. But absolutely nothing but water should ever be allowed to touch the eyes except by the direction of an oculist.—New York World.

Daniel O'Connell.
 After a dinner at Lord Duncannon's (Lady Morgan writes in her diary) I met the remarkable Dan O'Connell. Dan is not brilliant in private life, not ever agreeable. He is mild, silent, unassuming, apparently absorbed and an utter stranger to the give and take charm of good society. I said so to Lord Clancarrige, who replied: "If you know how I found him this morning! His hall, the very steps of his door, crowded with his clientele. He had a word or a written order for each, then hurried off to the law courts, thence to the Improvement society and was the first guest here today. Two hours before he was making that clever but violent speech to Mr. la Touche, and now no wonder that he looks like an extinct volcano."

He Got the Shilling.
 There is a story told of an English squire who, on his way home one night, dropped by accident down the window sash a shilling which he held loosely in his hand ready for a certain tollgate. Arrived home, he gave his coachman instructions to recover the lost shilling, and if he could not manage to do this himself he must call in the aid of the carpenter. The next day, while sitting with his family at luncheon, the shilling was brought in from the stables. The country squire made pleasant triumph of his thriftiness, but his countenance fell some few weeks later when the carpenter's bill displayed the detail, "For removing carriage window, etc., and getting out shilling dropped, 5 shillings."—London News.

Snake Motion.
 The vertebrae of a snake are fitted together with a sort of ball and socket articulation, which, however, is capable of motion only from side to side. A snake moves by propelling himself on the points of the scales which, to him, answer the purpose of ribs. A snake does not climb a tree or bush by coiling around it, but by holding on with the points of its scales. A snake on a pane of plate glass is almost helpless.—Exchange.

Not a Bit Like Her.
 He—Even Cleopatra was a true daughter of Eve.
 She—Not a bit. She let the serpent take a bite instead of taking a bite herself.—New York Herald.

The habit of smoking in bed has been responsible for five deaths in New York city within the last 30 years, caused by the clothes catching fire.
 It has been calculated that there are at least 20,000 proverbs circulating among European natives alone.
 The "line sink" region of Georgia is said to be well supplied with "blowing caverns" or "breathing caves."
 New York has the greatest number of inhabited dwellings, 895,533; Nevada the least, 10,066.
 Dark brown is the prevailing color of the hair of the people of English nationality.
 Uncle Sam's egg crop is worth \$400,000,000 annually.

A HUMILIATED YOUTH.
 He was Pooted in English Customs and Dressed in Borrowed Clothes.
 Americans are rather inclined to adopt whatever pleases their fancy in the way of insignia, colors, etc., without recognizing the fact that it is an unwritten law in Europe that only certain persons can use particular combinations or devices. Some of them, with a fine disregard of all time honored distinctions, before their footmen's coats, assume the livery of famous houses and wear themselves any conjunction of colors that they choose, not knowing or caring that they put themselves in the position of interlopers in the estimation of the initiated. Apropos of this peculiarity, a young American who has recently returned from Europe tells a good story on himself. Seeing a quantity of attractive hat ribbons hanging up in a haberdashery's shop in London he purchased half a dozen, and later on, when he donned his straw hat at Coventry, he placed his somber black bow on top of the prettiest among his collection. He had hardly left his hotel, however, when a military looking man from the other side of the street crossed over, and after walking past him once or twice finally came to him with a pleasant nod. "I have been on the way here for several years," he remarked cordially, "but I am always glad to see one of 'ours.'"
 "I beg pardon," stammered the young dandy, "but there must be some mistake."
 "You are not in the—guards?" asked the old gentleman inebriately. "Then pray, sir, where did you get that hat?" And looking daggers of unutterable scorn as our hero explained his nationality and ignorance he turned on his heel and strode contemptuously away, while the humiliated youth retreated to his lodgings and donned the quiet colors of an insignificant citizen. A few months later, however, while looking over his various trunks in the warehouse, he came across a bunch of nice looking ribbons, which it seemed a pity not to use.
 "Over here I am certainly safe," he thought, and he again selected one of the pretty bands. Now, as no one took any notice of his colors he felt that he was probably all right. But one day at Leuzenau a dapper looking little man marched up to him in the office of the hotel. "The Prince of Wales' Own," he presumed, he exclaimed interrogatively, touching the band of his hat and looking over the young man suspiciously.
 "Take my advice, young fellow," he exclaimed, "and don't wear the reiterated explanation, 'and don't dress yourself up in borrowed plumes, or people might think you a jackdaw.'"
 "I guess I might as well wait until I get back to New York before trying any more of those ribbons," remarked our compatriot to himself, as he once more ruefully unstitched his hatband.—New York Tribune.

A Stone's Agency.
 The following extract from a letter written to a friend by Wilson, the ornithologist, gives a picture which should move the hearts even of those who never voluntarily think of their feathered friends.
 "One of my boys caught a mouse in school and directly marched up to me with the prize. I set about drawing it the same evening, and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the extreme agony of fear."
 "I had intended to kill it in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl, but happening to spill a few drops of water where it was tied it lapped it with such eagerness and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it and restored it to life and liberty."
 "The agonies of a prisoner at the stake while the cruel instruments of torture are preparing could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse, and insignificant as the object was I felt at the moment the sweet sensation which mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty."—Youth's Companion.

Germany's Old Maple Tree.
 One of the most curious trees in Germany stands on the left bank of the river Oder, in Rattibor, Silesia. It is a maple at least 100 years old, which has been twisted and cut into a sort of circular two storied house. A flight of steps leads up to the first level, where the branches have been gradually woven together so that they make a firm leafy floor. Above this is a second floor of smaller diameter formed in the same way, and the ends of the branches have been woven into solid walls and cut so that eight windows light each of the apartments. Below the first floor, at the level of the second and at the top of the tree the boughs have been allowed to grow out naturally, while the intermediate walls and the edges of the windowlike openings are kept closely clipped.—Philadelphia Press.

The Truly Great.
 He only is great of heart who floods the world with a great affection. He only is great of mind who stirs the world with great thoughts. He only is great of will who does something to shape the world to a great career, and he is greatest who does most of all these things and does them best.—R. D. Hitchcock.

Hypodermic Injections.
 Hypodermic injection was discovered by Majendie. Morphine is pushed the most familiar drug so used. But the variety of drugs is very great, and there are numerous cases in which life would certainly be lost if there was no way of medicating the patient except through the mouth.—Popular Magazine.

A LURE FOR MARKSMEN.
 The Deceptive Swinging Egg or Thin Glass Ball Target.
 A shooting gallery peculiarity that has recently come into popularity consists in a very light and fragile ball of blown glass, or in some cases a hollow eggshell suspended from a string. This always attracts the inexperienced marksmen, because the natural destructiveness inherent in human nature causes him to prefer to shoot at something which he can smash rather than a target that goes to harm from his accuracy. Therefore he wastes his three shots at 14 cents a shot, not on the targets, but on the suspended mark. And he never hits it.
 The experienced man in rifle range gunnery wastes no time on the delectable ball. He knows that it can't be hit. Probably he knows it from experience, for it is one of those facts that no man will believe until he has tried it for himself. The reason for it is that a very light hollow glass ball or a blown egg, if properly hung on a slender string, will dodge any bullet that ever came from a gun barrel. The air that the bullet piles up in front of it blows the light mark out of the projectile's path until it has passed, after which the target swings back to its original position. It is very provoking for the marksman, who, if he is a good shot, has the doubtful satisfaction of seeing his target execute three quick dodges at the aforementioned price of 14 cents per dodge.
 There is nothing, however, so remunerative to the proprietor as these pendent marks, for the gunners, provoked at their lack of success, will keep on and on and on trying to hit a mark to which a pinhead would give it up in disgust when the cost begins to tell upon them. Some of the wiser friers explain their lack of success. Two dollars is a cheap price to pay for the knowledge that one of these hanging targets is a better mark for a baseball than for a bullet.—New York Sun.

Masking and Hoaxing.
 Up in the Sierra Ancha mountains of Gila county there are plenty of bears, great big bears, as big as 4-year-old steers, and with claws on them that leave a mark like a butcher's cleaver in the snow. There are not many people in the Sierra Ancha, though some years in the month of May a few people go up among the pines to plant potatoes.
 "Ye see, I was a-goin over the saddle near Mount Lookout, not notice like, and all of a sudden I heard ahead of me a kind of a sound like a horse was started. And right that before my eyes was the biggest, woolliest bar I ever seed in my born days. Why, he was about as big as the cabin I built that year over near the head of Coon creek. Well, I was skeered clean out of my boots, and the bar began to wonder if I was doin' enough to trail well. I was surveyed each other for a few minutes, when I stepped off politely to one side into the timber, and the bar went off down the trail.
 "Why," exclaimed the tenderfoot, "didn't you have a gun?"
 "Why, of course. Never stir out without my old Winchester 45."
 "Why didn't you shoot him, then?"
 "Good Lord, youngster, do I look like a blame fool? I ain't lost no bar. Bar's all right, only you just let him alone when you meet him on the trail, and he'll return the compliment."
 "Nobody shoots bears in that country. Bear and human live together with mutual respect, if not amity, and neither side cares to break the truce."—Phoenix Gazette.

Theophis Gaster.
 In spite of his exceptional strength and the magnitude of his desires, Gaster was a dreamer, strayed in the midst of a restless, unplaceable civilization which rushed past him and over him and trod him under foot, while he, unconscious of the fact, made no complaint. "Poor Theo!" he sometimes exclaimed, and he, his friends, knew what depths of unspoken suffering were compressed into that cry. He lived in a world of dreams far away, so far away in deed that he was aware the fantastic existence he had imagined was not to be realized upon our earth and therefore made the best of the indifferent circumstances in which he was forced to live.—Literary Recollections, Maxime du Camp.

The Fata Morgana.
 The most singular aerial phenomenon is the fata morgana, a sea mirage seen off the coast of Calabria and between Italy and Sicily. It presents the phantoms of cities, houses, temples, palaces and ships, sometimes in their proper position, sometimes inverted, occasionally at an angle. The phenomenon has been known for many ages and formerly occasioned great and widespread alarm, being regarded as an evil omen that boded some general and severe calamity.—Exchange.

What is CASTORIA?
 Castoria is Dr. Samuel Fitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
 "Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
 Dr. G. C. Osmond, Lowell, Mass.
 "Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
 Dr. J. F. Knowlton, Conway, Ark.

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 "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
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 "Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
 UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

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The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

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 Castoria is Dr. Samuel Fitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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 Summer goods must now be cleared out, in fact reductions and cuts have been made on all sides.
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 JUDGE LEWIS A. APPERSON presiding, Tuesday 1st of Third Monday in January, April, July and October.
 COUNTY COURT.
 Third Monday of each month.
 JUDGE JAMES W. GRUBBS presiding, First Saturday in each month.

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Lane Nashville Junction	3:30 p.m.	7:30 a.m.
APP. Jackson	6:00 p.m.	2:00 a.m.
GOING WEST.	No. & Daily	No. & Daily
Lane Jackson	5:00 a.m.	6:00 p.m.
Lane Nashville Junction	5:30 a.m.	6:30 a.m.
Lane C. Union	6:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.
Lane Winchester	6:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.
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Have You Anything To Sell?
 Then advertise in the ADVOCATE. It will be certain to find you a purchaser.

HORSE AND TRACK.



Alix stands 15 hands and a fraction of an inch, and girth 64 inches.

Bourbon Wilkes, Jr., won the 2:20 trot at Decatur, Ill., last week. He stepped a third mile in 2:16.

There are very few horses that can stand a race a week for over one month at the clip they are now going.

Robert J. reduced the record for paces at Fort Wayne from 2:04 to 2:03. He now leads on records in harness.

Fantasy reduced the four year old record to 2:07. Alix attempted to lower her record but failed to do so. She trotted in 2:05.

Dallie Wilkes won a heat in the 2:15 class at Lexington last week in 2:04. She got 2nd money. Her next start is at Indianapolis.

D. S. Lockridge & Co. sold on Saturday their bay pacing gelding Scotter, with trial of 2:17, to B. F. Herriot, of this city, for \$500.

Bourbon county Fair this week. Begins to-day at Paris. This is one of the oldest and best fairs in the state. Our country will be well represented.

In the 2-year-old stake at Lexington there were five starters. The King Wilkes filly Kellona, won in 2:21; 2:21, good time indeed for youngster of that age.

It is noticeable that out of 11 colts and fillies which won place and money in the three futurities during the Terre Haute meeting, nine were of Wilkes blood.

Pamlico, 2:10. One of the best race horses ever seen on the turf, died at Hartford last week of lung fever. He was owned by Batchelor and Spurr they had refused \$25,000 for him this season.

Nancy Hanks' record of 2:04 is the bull's eye at which the sportsman archers are shooting, and there are dents in the target close to it. The dangerous rivals are Alix 2:05, Directum 2:04 and Fantasy 2:07.

The money was well divided at Chicago last week. The Village Farm won \$10,450, Monroe Salisbury \$9,750, Budd Dobie \$3,750, M. E. McElroy \$2,100, J. Goldsmith \$1,950, F. S. Gordon \$1,750, Douglas Thomas \$1,350, etc.

Hickok has issued a challenge in which he offers to trot Directum, 2:05, a race against Alix, 2:05, for any amount not less than \$2,500 or more than \$10,000 a side, over either, the Chicago, New York or Boston track, any time during the month of September, barring the week on which the New England Breeders' meeting is held.

Crit Davis was largely responsible for the defeat of Cobwebs in the 2:15 class at Rochester. The erratic Dandy Jim was formerly in his stable and he knew his peculiarities. His present tutor had been trying to get him in condition to carry his speed by leading him behind a sulky. He was afraid to drive him on the track, as he fretted and tried to run away. Davis advised that he be driven on the road, as was the custom at Harrodsburg.

The suggestion was acted upon, and the grey gelding went quietly there. He would jog along with the reins loose on his back. Constant road work put him in condition, and Cobwebs went down before his great rushes of speed. Crit Davis took care of Dandy Jim in the race, and he and his immediate friends won handsome money on him. Davis has returned to Kentucky with his stable. He will labor to build his horses for the fall campaign—Turf, Field and Farm.

The yearling colt Abdell, by Advertiser, 2:15, out of Beautiful Belle 2:29, has reduced his record to 2:26 and he not only holds the race-record for trotting yearlings, but he is also a taster yielding than his famous dam produced to the cover of Electioneer.

It is possible that Advertiser might have proven a better sire had his dam been by thoroughbred Planet instead of by George Wilkes, some way Palo Alto, who was bred that way, failed to sire a colt that trotted in 2:26 as a yearling, although he was mated with Beautiful Belle once, the fact resulting being now two years old. The thoroughbred blood that is pushing the winners to the front with the most success this year is found in the pedigrees of horses who have two or three generations of good trotting blood before the blood of the sire is reached. And what is more, the father back that blood is in the pedigree the better the possessor of it seems to be.

Those who have not had their pianos or organs tuned by expert J. B. Wagner, can have it done during the last week of this month, as Mr. Wagner will tune at the Millersburg College then and will make a special visit to this place for the benefit of those who have not had the work done this time. Address J. B. Wagner, care of this office.

BABY HAD THREE TEETH.

But In Proving This Its Father Nearly Caused a Domestic Sensation.

He is very prominent in business circles and a very busy man, but he finds time occasionally to get acquainted with his clerks, and even chats with them some time. One of his bright young men, finding him self favored with a few words from the boss the other day, sought to make the most of the opportunity by introducing domestic affairs. Now, the most important factor in the bright young man's domestic affairs just now is a new baby, and this baby was lodged into the chat with the boss, and the important information imparted by the fond father was that the little one was three teeth.

"How old did you say it was?" asked the employer, assuming great interest in the case.

"Five months, sir," was the reply. "Oh, come, now, Ed. That won't do. Five-month-old babies don't have teeth. You must be mistaken about the age."

"No, I'm not, sir. I guess I ought to know."

Then followed an animated conversation in which the employer endeavored to impress upon the employee that it was an utter impossibility for a five-month-old child to have three teeth, while the fond young father insisted that it was his child and he ought to know. The controversy concluded by the employer dismissing the subject with the remark: "You may be right about the child's age, but you must be wrong about the teeth."

Having thus indulged in a little sociability the employer thought no more of the matter. Not so the fond father. He didn't feel good over what he passed, especially the number of his fellow employees who had heard the debate. On going home at the close of his day's work he told his wife of the discussion, and she, like the fretful parent who had all quills set instantly. "I'll prove it to him," she muttered that night just before going to sleep. Next day the big business man's wife called on him with a lady friend, and the two ladies were sitting in the private office chatting with the big business man when the office boy announced: "A lady with a baby to see you, sir."

Before anything could be said she walked right in, and without noticing the ladies also said: "Here's my baby, Mr. Blank. I'm its mother, and I know it is just five months and three days old."

Then she showed the astonished man's hand, and thrusting one finger into the infant's mouth she continued: "Feel the teeth? There are three of 'em. So, there, now?"

He felt, and then it dawned upon him who she was and why she had brought her baby to his private office. But it was different with his aristocratic wife and her female friend. The former just gave a little scream and then started to faint. The latter said in a cold, hard voice: "Be calm, Jane. Control yourself."

Then began an explanation, it being necessary to call in the baby's father to prove himself and testify to the controversy of the previous day. When the tangle was all untangled, the baby was made much of, but the big business man shivered all the rest of the day over his narrow escape from being the central figure in a great sensation.—St. Louis Republic.

General Grant and an Interview.

Approval of denying interviews. A Chicago correspondent had an experience with the late Mayor Harrison several years ago. The mayor had given the information requested, and then getting confidential gave a great deal more of a much greater interest. But he put the seal of secrecy on the newspaper man's lips regarding the unsaid for information and added: "If you give me away, I shall do what General Grant once threatened to do. Grant was on his way around to the world. He was in the carriage with me riding in the parade in Chicago. During the ride we talked on politics, and he said some pretty sharp things about some Republican policy."

"General," I said, "suppose I should tell the newspapers what you have said to me. What would you do to square yourself with your Republican friends?"

"The general took his cigar from his mouth and in the most matter of fact way replied: "I'd tell 'em I never said it."—New York Mail and Express.

At Lion Pools and Horse Trails.

If a lion and a strong horse were to pull in opposite directions, the horse would pull the lion backward with comparative ease. But if the lion were hitched behind the horse and facing in the same direction, and were allowed to exert his strength in backing, he could easily pull the horse down upon his haunches or drag him across the ring, so much greater is the strength when exerted backward from the hind legs than in forward pushing.—Chambers' Journal.

Anonymous. Chumleigh—Oh, Miss Vayavour, you are the only girl I ever loved! Miss Vayavour—How fortunate the other girls with whom you are acquainted ought to consider themselves.—Ting's Jester.

Kentucky Fairs.

The following are places and dates of Kentucky Fairs: Versailles, Aug. 14 to 17. Columbia, Aug. 21 to 24. Winchester, Aug. 21 to 25. Lexington, Aug. 29 to Sept. 1. Franklin, Aug. 29 to September 1. Somerset, Sept. 4 to 7. Paris, Sept. 4 to 8. Bardonia, Sept. 4 to 8. Bowling Green, Sept. 4 to 8. Paducah, Sept. 11 to 14. Sharpsburg, Sept. 18 to 21. Germantown, Oct. 3 to 6. Lexington, (trotting) Oct. 6 to 13.

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Advertisement for the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Louisville, Ky., featuring a large illustration of the hotel building.

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CHINN & TODD, 10 and 12 N. Upper St., LEXINGTON, KY.

Advertisement for J. W. Jones, Agt. Jeweler, Watches, Clocks, Silverware, featuring an illustration of a jewelry box.

Advertisement for We Train Boys, Kentucky Training School, featuring an illustration of a train.

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